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Madame Pleyel.

THE reception awarded to this admirable artist on the occasion of her first recital, had excited public curiosity to so unusual an extent, that even the Hanover-square Rooms were scarcely large enough to accommodate the crowd of visitants that flocked, on Thursday afternoon, to the second. A glance at the programme proved that Madame Pleyel was not one of those pianists who content themselves with the finished execution of some two or three *morceaux*. That she had not exhausted her *repertoire* was also shown by the appearance of five pieces which were not in her first selection—in addition to the *Marguerite* and the *Tarentella*, repeated by desire. The following was the order in which the performances occurred:—

PART I.

Andante (<i>Don Sebastian</i>), Pianoforte, Madame Pleyel, . . .	Dohler
Song, "From the southern climes," (Sudlander's Nachtlied), Herr Pischek, . . .	Esser.
Fantasia, (<i>Il Pirata</i>), Pianoforte, Madame Pleyel, . . .	Kalhbrenner.
Cavatina, "Ma la sola," Madlle. Vera, (<i>Beatrice</i>), . . .	Bellini.
Étude, "Le Trille," . . .	Dohler.
Le Carnaval de Venise, Pianoforte, Madame Pleyel, . . .	L. de Meyer.

PART II.

Cantata, "Adelaide," Herr Pischek; Pianoforte obligato, Madame Pleyel, . . .	Beethoven.
Grande Fantasia, (<i>Lucie di Lammermoor</i>), Pianoforte, Madame Pleyel, . . .	Prudent.
Romanza, "Il mio ben," Madlle. Vera, (<i>Nina Pazzo</i>), . . .	Paisiello.
{ <i>Marguerite</i> , (by desire), "Let me weep," . . .	Schubert.
{ <i>Tarentella</i> , (<i>La Danza</i>) transcribed pour le Piano, Madame Pleyel, . . .	Liszt.

In the execution of the above programme, Madame Pleyel developed every mechanical excellence that appertains to the modern school of pianoforte playing. But mechanism can only ensure the perfection of manual dexterity—and this, though possessed by few in that degree of absolute faultlessness which distinguishes Madame Pleyel, is still the certain inheritance of assiduous and determined labour, and must be considered apart from that higher demonstration of art which indicates mental superiority, and springs from the font of genius. It is the privilege of Madame Pleyel to reign pre-eminent in this last particular. The divine fire of which Beethoven spoke, is evident in all she does. While she is playing, no matter what, you cannot exclaim with the Frenchman—"Que me veux tu, sonate?" As the poet discourses of natural phenomena with that eloquence which, without violating truth, travels out of the element of vulgar parlance, so Madame Pleyel, by the imagination which is Heaven's gift, imparts a grace and a sentiment to common things, which, regarded with the cold eye of philosophy, present no intrinsic charms. Let us not, therefore, quarrel with the music she pleases to interpret, since, under the touch of her fingers, and under the influence of her fancy, whatever she plays becomes

plastic, and, as molten wax, receives the impress she desires to give. Madame Pleyel is not a mere pianist, but a poet, making the instrument a medium of expression. The piano is her voice, with which she modulates mysterious melody. When we listen to her we cast aside the prejudices of criticism—we lose regard for arbitrary rules, and scoff at the axioms of the pundit.

In gazing, by the golden light of a setting sun, at the mountain tops, bathed in the purple of departing glory—at a fair landscape of hills, and trees, and meadows, and water—at the glittering ocean gently heaving under the soft footsteps of the morning—at the broad sky, all blue, except where one gorgeous company of clouds sails lazily along—at the queenly moon, steeping the quiet earth in the depth of her lucid flood—at the sunbeams, as they drink the mists at twilight—at any of the wonders of external nature—do we enquire the reason, do we measure, do we calculate? No—we rather gaze, and gaze, till contemplation is the birth of faith, and the whole truth and meaning flashes on the mind—we seize it, feel it, know it—one instant, and it is gone! but the memory remains—and it is this memory of things exalted that elevates man above the animal, and manifests his immortality.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,"

sings the poet—and to what can we more happily apply his noble thought than to the *Marguerite* of Goëthe and Schubert, interpreted by Madame Pleyel? Surely this must have been Goëthe's dream—surely this must have been the vision that inspired the passionate melody of Schubert! When Madame Pleyel, at the piano, relates the woes of *Marguerite*, she plays from the bottom of her soul—the strings of the deaf instrument vibrate in accents of intense agony—the song is poured forth in profuse and natural anguish—the accompaniment of the *spinrade* is rendered with a vacant unconcern, so entirely and poetically truthful, that we cannot imagine the inspired artist to be other than *Marguerite* herself, flinging her sighs to Heaven, her only confidant—the piano for her spinning wheel!

In rendering an account of Madame Pleyel's performances, we are in danger at every step of falling into the snares of platitude. To say that she played finely is a platitude—to say that she played as no one else could play is a platitude—to say, in short, any thing of her that can be said of the common herd of artists is a platitude, and of the tritest. What, then, can we say that shall give such of our readers as were unlucky enough not to be present at her recital on Thursday, any idea of the wonders she achieved, and the effect she produced? We are fairly at a loss. Our powers of analysis, our independency of criticism, our severity of taste, are torn from us inevitably, the moment she places herself at the piano. We

feel spell-bound as by the influence of an enchanter—like the genius invoked by Aladdin's lamp, we are enslaved by some secret power, of the origin and nature of which we are ignorant.

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The ordinary canons of criticism applied to Madame Pleyel's talent, become meaningless and powerless—it sets them at defiance, smiles them into silence, and holds its eccentric course unhurt and unabashed. There is something in her very touch that prates of the infinite, and fills the listener with a vague sentiment of mystery, entrancing as it is inexplicable. What is it? How vain the question! As well ask for the philosopher's stone—as well ask to square the circle—as well ask the secret of gravitation—as well ask the principle of the absolute. In endeavouring to reach the secret of this charm, we feel, as poor Balthazar Claes, who spent his life in a hopeless quest after a thing insolvable, and which if solved, could only bring despair.

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We lack the mastery of words, which can convey a seeming meaning where none is—we are impotent in eloquence; were it otherwise, what phrases we could spin, what periods we could turn, what nothings we could sublimate! In listening to Madame Pleyel, we feel as Charles Lamb, in contemplating a *concerto*. "Why dost thou agitate us with thy torturing of sounds—why not leave us undisturbed in our repose of commonplace?"—it is after this fashion that Elia might have apostrophized Madame Pleyel—"why wilt thou break our rest, people our dreams with vain imaginings, sadden our waking, spoil our dinner, thrust shadows in our path, build castles for us in the air—Spanish castles! hat crumble into dust as soon as raised—haunt our wanderings in every green lane, follow us whithersoever we go with a smile which is death, and a tune which is perdition? Hang thy piano about thy neck and go thy ways!—we never troubled thee that thou shouldst trouble us!—we are still of the earth, and our time of purgatory is not come!—simple mortals, we understand not thy harmony, nor thy looks!—avaunt, get thee back to Brussels, or wheresoever thou tormentest habitually, and leave us to our vulgar non-comprehension of the infinite! The devil take the infinite, and thee who art its sprite!—away with thy *Marguerite* and thy *Tarentella*, and all such hobgoblinries!" Poor Charles Lamb! would that thou wert here to help us gracefully out of our difficulty, with thy quips and quirks, the very *bonhomie* of poetry!

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But to describe the second recital of Madame Pleyel. What did she recite? Why, the programme will inform us. She recited, then, an *Andantè*, from *Don Sebastien*, by Dohler. Hem! what is an *Andante*? Who is Don Sebastien? And who is Dohler? Truth to say, we know nothing about it. Well, leave that, and let us speak of the next, a *Fantasia* on the *Pirata*, by Kalkbrenner. We are in the same predicament—and so on to the end of the chapter—we can recollect nothing, we can describe nothing, we can speak of nothing. We can merely recal a pianoforte, before which was seated a young female, with mysterious eyes—beamy, bending, full of veiled significance—who played, and played, and played, until we were moved to tears, and a vast crowd around us was moved to demonstrations of rapture, inconceivable because unintelligible—and at the end we departed, and went our ways home—and

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[READER—being indisposed to the offices of editorship, we

had requested a very poetical friend of ours to render that account of Madame Pleyel's second recital, which, we are well aware, should have been rendered by ourselves. We waited until the last moment without getting the promised notice—when, as we were going to press without any at all, (for relying on our friend's dependability we had abstained from writing ourselves,) arrived the preceding rhapsody—we mean nothing disparaging by the word—which, for want of something better, we have inserted. The fragments of which it is composed seem to have no relation to each other. As, moreover, it contains no information—for it will appear that our excellent friend thinks rather of Madame Pleyel the woman than of Madame Pleyel the artist—we are constrained, time being precious, to refer you, Reader, to the accounts of the morning journals, which are at least coherent and intelligible, if they do not the fullest justice to the talent of the incomparable pianist, who, since her arrival here, has apparently set all London in a blaze of admiration. Pray, Reader, excuse us this time, and we promise you to write our own notice of Madame Pleyel's THIRD RECITAL, which takes place on Friday the 24th next, at the "New Rooms" (as the old directors of the "Ancients" term them) in Hanover-square.—Ed. M. W.]

Carlotta Grisi.

THE great theatrical event of the week has been the appearance of Carlotta Grisi at Drury-lane Theatre, in the new ballet of *Paquita*. This occurred on Wednesday night. Of the ballet, an account may be seen by referring to the letter of our Paris correspondent at the time of its production. Suffice it, that at Drury-lane it is put upon the stage in a style of magnificence worthy of all eulogy. The scenery, costumes, arrangement of the dances, multitude of supernumeraries, &c., &c., are all entitled to admiration. But without all this, the mere presence of Carlotta Grisi, in whom the poesy of motion is incarnate, would suffice to attract thousands to the theatre. There is a charm about her that we never yet felt in one of her calling. Carlotta Grisi is not a dancer, she is nothing that can be called by a common name, but rather a beautiful abstraction, in which the graces of movement are perpetuated eternally. When we think of her, it is a thought of something sailing gracefully along—like a golden ship on a sunny sea. Her very name seems to move as we read it or think of it. When we pronounce it, it glides off the tongue as glibly and softly as a spheroid body from a sheet of glass. We believe Carlotta to be beautiful—nay, inexpressibly beautiful—but we cannot prove it to ourselves. We have no notion of what she might be, quietly seated, with her face unanimated by the excitement of evolution—but it must be something divine—as the gorgeous insect, which floats motionless in the air, gilded by the sun's beam, when it rests quietly upon the hand that will not hurt it. So we should wish to catch Carlotta, and then look at her—observe the colour of her eyes, the meaning of her smile, the thousand small blisses that make up the whole heaven of her face. But no, she will not let us; she flies down like a shooting star, and up again like a rocket, and then all along like an arrow—but never stays quiet, never lets you have a good look at her—though strain your gaze after her you must, for, like a little bit of sunshine, she will be flitting in your eyes. And, then, her twinkling feet, how rapidly they evolve, and yet never lose the outline of grace; how they throw a golden dust of pirouettes at you, that prevents you from reflecting, and captivates your senses with a delirium of innocent excitement.

We always detested dancing, because we could never learn to dance; but somehow or other Carlotta has converted us to the true faith—she has outflown our prejudice, which now lies flat and dead for her to dance upon. We adore dancing now, because we adore Carlotta, who is the oil of dance, the very cinnamon of moving feet. By the way, reader, did you ever see Carlotta's foot? If you did, you are cleverer than we. We never did, and are sure we never shall. But it must of necessity be a supreme foot—a foot of foot. We have dreamed of it often, and have had it in a glass; and, waking in the morning, we have found the glass—but the foot had flown!

Welcome thou restless poet! Welcome thou aerial quicksilver! Thou wilt lighten these summer nights with the twin stars that reel about in thy ever-moving little head—for that thou hast eyes; oh, Carlotta! we know to our cost—their flying battery has pierced us through and through.

We abstain from saying anything about *Paquita*, except Carlotta. Carlotta was Paquita and Paquita was Carlotta. If you ask us how we like, what we like, and whether we like? we shall only have one word to reply—Carlotta—Carlotta—Carlotta! Go then and see Carlotta, and have your eyes ravished and your head twirled—for you must follow her wherever she flits—loadstone that she is! To conclude; when we have said that Carlotta appeared, we have said that she triumphed—bravos, plaudits, and emptied flower-gardens, to wit. Carlotta's engagement will make the fortune of the market near at hand—and no less, we trust, of the theatre.

Joseph Haydn.

(Continued from our last.)

THE original text, ascribed to the well-known Peter Pindar, is as follows:

Hark! the wild uproar of the winds, and hark,
Hell's genius roams the regions of the dark;
And thund'ring swells the horrors of the main.
From cloud to cloud the moon affrighted flies,
Now darken'd, and now flashing through the skies—
Alas! bless'd calm, return, return again.

Haydn undertook his second visit to England on the 19th of January, 1794; and his stay was again prolonged to a year and a half. As he passed through Sharding, on the borders of Austria, the police officers enquired who he was, &c.? Haydn answered, "a tonkünstler," (musician.) "What is that?" says another; "a potter," rejoins a third. (Tonkünstler in German signifies a potter, being pronounced the same, the only difference being the additional letter h.) "To be sure," said Haydn, "and this man," pointing to his servant who was in the waggon with him, "is my journeyman." The following passages are extracted from Haydn's diary, during his stay in England in the years 1794 and 1795. "Dr. Arnold composed an opera for Drury Lane Theatre; and as the manager was fearful it would not take, Dr. Arnold agreed that it should be performed three times at his expense. He accordingly expended £700 upon it, whilst the manager paid a number of persons to hiss the opera every time. At length Dr. Arnold abandoned the opera, with the dresses, &c. to the manager for £200, who had it performed with some alterations, superior dresses, and decorations, &c. and by this means cleared £20,000. The author alone gained about £5000, and the poor composer lost about £500. Oh, the rascals!" "On the 15th of December, 1794, I was at Mr. Bates'; who

directed the ancient concerts; he plays pretty well on the organ. His lady has a very agreeable pliable voice, a correct intonation, and a plain pronunciation; she has Bachlerotti's style of singing, but her shake is a little too quick." "On the 21st of January, 1795, I dined with Dr. Parsons, where a dispute arose, which of the three doctors, Parsons, Dupuis, or Arnold, should direct the anthem of Handel, in the orchestra, at the celebration of the Prince of Wales's nuptials. Dr. Parsons is master of his Majesty's band; the other two are organists to his Majesty; but in England the organist is chief in all the churches; and the singers are under him. Each of these three wished to conduct, and on pressing me for my opinion, I said, the junior organist should play the organ; the other should direct the choir of singers; and Dr. Parsons the instrumental performers; and since the singers always take precedence of the instrumentalists, he should stand with his choir on the right hand, and the other on the left. This, however, they would not agree to; I therefore left the simpletons and went home. On the 1st of February I was invited; through the Prince of Wales, to an evening concert at the Duke of York's, where the king, the queen, and rest of the royal family, together with the Princes of Orange, and other distinguished persons were present. None but my compositions were performed; I sat at the piano, and was at last desired to sing. The king, who till now neither could, or would hear any music but Handel's, was attentive; he came and conversed with me, and introduced me to the queen, who paid me many compliments. I sang my German song, "Ich bin der verliebteste," ("I am most deeply in love.") "On the 21st of February I was invited to the Prince of Wales's. I was there again on the 15th, 17th, and 19th of April: on the 21st was invited to a party at the Queen's, Buckingham House. On the 24th of March, Mad. Mara had a benefit concert in Hanover-square Rooms, but she had only 60 persons present. They say she never sang better; Clementi sat at the piano. She then gave a second concert in the name of the flute-player Ash. She had a full room; I sat at the piano. On the 28th of March I saw the opera of *Acis and Galatea*, by Bianchi. The music is very rich in wind instruments; but if there was not so many I think the melody would be better understood. The opera is too long, especially as Banti must sustain it all alone. Brida, a fine youth with a good voice, but not a very musical one; Rovédico, the good Graghetti, and the miserable second, Donna, neither deserved nor obtained the slightest applause. This year the orchestra is richer in performers, but just as mechanically and injudiciously placed, and as indiscreet in the accompaniment as before; in short, it was the third time of representation, and no one was satisfied. I went to the little theatre in the Haymarket to see an English opera. The performance was as wretched here as at Sadler's Wells: a fellow bawled an air so tremendously, and with such expressive grimaces, that I began to perspire all over. N.B.—He had to repeat the air.—*O che bestie!!!* On the 8th of April was at the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess of Brunswick. On the 10th I was invited to an evening concert at the Prince of Wales's. An old symphony was performed, which I accompanied on the piano; and afterwards a quartett. I then had to sing German and English songs. The Princess too sang with me, and played a concerto on the piano tolerably well. On the 11th was at Covent Garden to see the grand spectacle of Windsor Castle. The music, by Salomon, is tolerably good; the decorations, dresses, shiftings, and number of people is overdone. All the gods in heaven and hell, and every thing that hath life on earth, has a part to play. On the 4

of May I gave my benefit concert in the Haymarket Theatre. The place was full of select company. The concert consisted of the following:—Act I, the first part of the Military Symphony; air, *Rovedino*; concerto, *Ferlancy*, for the first time; duett *Morichelli* and *Movelli*, my own composition; a new symphony in D, of my own, being the last of the 12 grand. Act II, second part of the Military Symphony; air, *Morichelli*; concerto, *Viotti*; Scena Nuova, by myself, *Mad. Banti*; she sang very indifferently. The whole of the company were extremely gratified, as well as myself. This evening I made 4000 guilders: this can only be done in England.* A friend once asked him if it was true that he had composed a symphony (the *Surprise*) to wake the sleeping English at his concerts? "No," replied he, "but I wanted to surprise the public with something new, and to dazzle them with something brilliant, that I might not be surpassed by my scholar, Pleyel; who at that time presided over an orchestra in London, and had opened his concert a week before mine. Even the first allegro of my symphony was received with innumerable bravos; but on striking the kettle drum in the andante, the enthusiasm reached its height; *encore! encore!* echoed from every side—from every voice, and Pleyel himself complimented me on the idea." An English music-seller, named Napier, who had a family of twelve children, was deeply in debt, and in fear of being arrested. For him Haydn set one hundred Scotch songs, in a modern style, with the accompaniment of a violin and bass, and frequently with the addition of a ritornel, &c. These songs had such a good sale, that Napier was relieved from his pecuniary embarrassments, and instead of the fifty guineas which he paid Haydn for the first delivery, was enabled to give him double that sum for the next hundred. Haydn also set a number of similar Scotch songs for Thompson of Edinburgh, for which he received a guinea each, and for some two guineas each. Haydn had a strong desire for some of his symphonies to be performed at the concerts of ancient music, patronised by the king; but at which seldom any thing was performed but Handel's music; yet he was encouraged to hope that some of his pieces would be tried, till an order appeared, *that nothing of less than thirty years standing could be admitted*. However, on his second visit to England, one of his symphonies was introduced, and most admirably performed by the royal orchestra. The king then desired Haydn to play a psalm of Handel's on the organ, of which he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all present, having diligently studied Handel's works. He had frequently to perform before the queen, and she presented him with a German Oratorio, by Handel, entitled, *The Redeemer on the Cross*: the only piece which he composed in that language.* One evening after Haydn had been playing to the queen, the king, who always spoke German, said, he knew Haydn had once a good voice, and he should like to hear some of his German songs. Haydn pointed to a joint of his little finger, and said, "Your majesty, my voice is now no greater." The King laughed, and Haydn then sang his song, "Ich bin der verliebteste." *I am most deeply in love*. The king and queen wished to fix him in England. "I will provide you a dwelling in Windsor," said the queen; "and then," added she, looking slyly at the king, "we shall have tête a tête music." "Oh!" returned the king, "I shall not be jealous of Haydn, for he is a good honest German." "This" exclaimed Haydn, "is my greatest pride." After repeated solicitations to settle in England, he

represented that he was bound to the family of his prince by ties of gratitude, and should not like, in his old age, to be separated from his country. The king offered to send for his wife; to which he replied, "She has never crossed the Danube, much less would she cross the sea." Haydn remained immovable; and he thought that was the reason why he received no present from the king. Of all the royal family, the Dukes of York alone appeared at his benefit concert, and sent him 50 guineas. She several times entertained him very kindly, as she knew he was greatly esteemed by her father the King of Prussia. Haydn directed 26 concerts at the Prince of Wales's, and the orchestra had to wait always several hours before his highness rose from table. This labour remaining quite unrewarded, Haydn was encouraged by his friends in Germany to send over his account, at the time the prince's debts were being liquidated by Parliament; when he received the money immediately. While in England, Dr. Burney proposed to Haydn to take the degree of Doctor of Music, in Oxford, which he accordingly did. The ceremony of the promotion is performed with great solemnity in one of the halls; the doctors enter in procession, and propose questions to the candidates, as whether they wish to be admitted &c. &c. Haydn made the replies as his friend Salomon dictated. From a rostrum the election was announced to the assembly: the orator expatiated upon Haydn's merits; made mention of his works, and then put the question, whether Haydn should be admitted? which was answered in the affirmative, without a dissenting voice. The doctors are decorated with a ruff round the neck, and a mantle, and appear in this dress for three days together. "I should have wished my acquaintance in Vienna," said Haydn "to have seen me in this parade." Signora Storace and several other friends nodded to him from the orchestra. The following day he directed the concert. As soon as he appeared every one cried, bravo, Haydn. "I thank you," said he, lifting up at the same time the corner of his mantle. This produced the greatest acclamation. Handel spent 30 years in England without receiving the honour of a doctor's degree in Oxford. In London, Haydn received a round ivory medal, attached to a blue ribband, inscribed on the one side, Professional Concert, 1791; and on the other Mr. Haydn; on shewing which he was admitted free into the principal theatres; a civility never shewn him in Vienna. By a stay in England of three years, he cleared about 24,000 guilders, of which about 9000 were expended on his journey, his living, and other expences. He instructed several persons on the piano, and obtained a guinea a lesson, at which he was surprized; but this is only done in England. A certain lord wished to introduce him to Giardini, the great violin player, and accordingly paid him a visit one morning. Having sent in their names they were ushered into the anti-chamber, and while waiting there very plainly heard Giardini say to the servant, "I don't want to be acquainted with that German dog." His lordship was highly enraged at this, but Haydn took it as a jest, and after being introduced to him, sat down to the piano and began a concerto, to hear Giardini play. By long experience he had learned so well to deal with musicians, that by his modesty, and careful regard to professional pride, he gained the orchestra of Gallini so entirely that his compositions were always well performed. Haydn often repeated that his fame was first spread in Germany from England. The value of his works was unknown in Germany for some years, and it was only of late that approbation ensued. Even Joseph II. did not notice him until after this journey. The Emperor wished to hear his opera *La Vera Costanza*, but the parts

* Handel wrote this Oratorio, the only one of his in German words, in Hamburg. The text is by Brookes. Breitkopf and Härtel, of Leipzig, have it in their collection.

were so ill suited by intrigue, that it was not performed. Haydn's condition was much more comfortable than before, by his savings in England. He bought a house and a garden adjoining, about 30 yards square, in Gumpendorff, one of the suburbs of Vienna, near the Mariahulfer line No. 73, in the Lower Stone Street. Perhaps many a friend of music still visits a dwelling which the genius of harmony so frequently ennobled by his presence. It was here that Haydn composed the oratorio of the "Creation" and the "Seasons"; two works which crowned his fame. The first idea of the oratorio of the "Creation" originated with Lidley, a friend of Salomon's, and Haydn was to set it to music for him; but he soon perceived he did not sufficiently understand the English language for this undertaking. Haydn therefore took the text with him to Germany, and after shewing it to Baron van Swieten, the royal librarian in Vienna, the latter arranged it as it is at present. Salomon wrote to Haydn, and threatened him with an action for altering the words; but Haydn representing that he had only taken Lidley's ideas, not his words, and the latter being dead, the threat was not put into execution. Haydn had been long acquainted with Swieten, and says of him, "he sometimes assisted me with a few ducats, and likewise presented me with a convenient travelling waggon, for my second journey to England." The violin player Starzer, and the lutenist Kohaut, often met at Van Swieten's to perform Haydn's music; and the compositions of Handel were often performed under the alternate direction of Haydn and Mozart. Swieten himself had composed eight symphonies, which Haydn said, were as stiff as the author. Swieten was also constant secretary of a musical society in Vienna, the members of which were used to establish some academies every year; amongst the members were, Princes Lichenstein, Esterhazy, Schwarzenberg, Lobkowitz, Auerberg, Kinsky, Lichnowsky, Trautmannsdorf, Zinzendorf, and Counts Ezermin, Harrach, Erdoly, Aponi, Fries, &c. Classical works alone were introduced in these academies; and the oratorio of the "Creation" was intended for their use. Haydn composed the "Creation" in the year 1797, (being in his 65th year,) with a fire which is wont to inspire the youthful bosom only. "I had the the felicity," says a friend, "to witness the deep impression, and the most lively enthusiasm, which several performances of this oratorio, under Haydn's own direction, produced on all the audience. Haydn has often confessed, "that he was unable to describe the feeling with which he was pierced, when the performance answered his expectation, and when he has seen the audience listen to every note with the greatest attention." "At one time I have been chilled all over like ice; and then again have glowed with burning heat: and more than once have been afraid I should suddenly be struck with apoplexy!" such effect has the music had upon him. Haydn's circumstances were not a little improved by the oratorio of the "Creation." The above mentioned musical society made him a present of 500 ducats; and by a benefit concert, and the sale of the work, he made about 12,000 guilders. The work was sold to Messrs. Breitkopf and Haertel, of Leipzig. The rapturous applause which the oratorio of the "Creation" every where met with, induced Baron van Swieten to prepare the "Seasons" of Thomson, and have them set to music by Haydn, for the same purpose as the "Creation." The Baron, who was then near 70 years of age, interested himself in the arts and sciences, and his judgment was of no inconsiderable weight in the circle of the great. He was not unacquainted with the rules by which works of taste are to be criticised; but his own productions were remarkable for those defects and faults, which he would

have severely reprehended in the works of others: and it excited surprise to see none of those beauties in his works, which might have been expected from his taste and feeling.

(To be continued.)

RECEPTION OF MADAME PLEYEL BY THE LONDON PRESS.

As the event of the Season is decidedly the advent among us of this wonderful artist, we shall not be considered tedious if we continue our extracts from the metropolitan journals, which continue to overflow with ovations to her genius—more especially since the readers of the "Musical World" will see in these flattering testimonies a good reason for putting faith in any new prophecy it may venture. The following on the First Recital we prefer giving in the original French—translation would rob it of its eloquence and weaken its force. It is taken from the *feuilleton* of the well known Vicomtesse de Malleville, the most valuable contributor to the

Courier de l'Europe.

"Sonate que me veux-tu?" s'écria un jour le vieux Fontenelle probablement fort ennuyé du clapotement sans chaleur et du tapotement sans vie des clavecinistes de son temps. Que penserait, mais surtout que dirait l'auteur de la *Pluralité des Mondes*, s'il revenait de nos jours, où l'étude du piano est venue fondre sur nous comme une plaie d'Égypte et envahir toutes les classes de la société? Poursuivi de tous côtés par des noms formidables et des programmes de toutes dimensions, assailli par des notes en Allemand, en Français, en Italien et en Anglais, qui bondissent comme des flots en fureur et rugissent comme les animaux du désert, c'est alors que le vieux philosophe demanderait à genoux grâce et merci. Car il ne s'agit plus maintenant de cette mo otonne et pâle musique de nos pères, où les notes montaient et descendaient, à l'ambie la plus douce de leur Pégase harmonique, la colline verdoyante, unie de la sonate antique et solennelle. Aujourd'hui, le clavecin s'appelle un piano, le vieux meuble est devenu un instrument, qui tout perfectionné qu'il est, reste pourtant un engin sec, ingrat et rebelle au plus grand nombre. Aujourd'hui encore, sous prétexte de musique expressive et de jeu fier, passionné, impétueux, foudroyant, les mains de l'artiste martèlent l'ivoire du clavier, comme les feraient des marteaux de forge. C'est un ouragan sonore qui fait trembler le plafond, osciller le parquet et frissonner les draperies et les vitres des salons, comme frissonnent les feuilles du saule au vent d'autunno. Mais cette tempête de notes fulgurantes, où tous les bruits se marient et se confondent, l'orgue des grandes cathédrales, le canon des batailles et la foudre du ciel, est-ce bien là ce qui touche, émeut et ravit? Le sentiment mélodique est-il dans le tapage, et la force seule, est-ce la grâce? Voilà ce que bien des gens se sont demandé en écoutant les quelques artistes éminents qu'on appelle les princes du piano; voilà ce qu'on pensait trouver encore dans le jeu inconnu de l'artiste, qui remplit aujourd'hui à Londres, les bouches de la renommée musicale. Hétons-nous donc de le dire, le lion de la saison, grand lion de l'Atlas s'il en fut, c'est une lionne, c'est madame Pleyel que la réputation des Liszt, des Thalberg, des Léopold Meyer n'a point effrayée, et qui, après une succession de succès éclatants à Paris, en Allemagne et en Belgique, vient à son tour se dresser ici un magnifique piédestal. Il y avait pour la débutante deux partis à prendre. Celui de s'entourer, comme le font certaines célébrités équivoques, surannées ou distancées, dont, par parenthèse, l'indifférence du public devrait bien faire justice,—de s'entourer, disons-nous, des noms sonores du chant et de l'instrumentation, pour rayonner tant bien que mal dans ce cadre éclatant. Il y avait une autre résolution plus audacieuse et plus dérisive, celle de paraître seule, dans sa force et son individualité, et d'assumer uniquement, sur soi la tâche immense d'intéresser, d'émouvoir, et de charmer, pendant deux heures, tout un auditoire peu familiarisé à de semblables façons. C'est cette dernière voie qu'a suivie la débutante, et l'événement a pleinement justifié sa hardiesse. C'était donc lundi dernier, dans la grande salle de Willis's Rooms et d'avant plus de huit cents auditeurs, que madame Pleyel se révélait pour la première fois à l'Angleterre. Ce concert se composait de sept morceaux joués naturellement par madame Pleyel toute seule. Le programme indiquait d'abord l'*Adagio* de la grande fantaisie de Hummel, celle de *Guillaume Tell* par Döhler, l'*Inquiétude* de Dreychock, le quatuor de *Don Pasquale* de Prudent, *La Somnambula* de Thalberg, *Le Marguerite* de Schubert, et enfin *La Tarentella*, transcrite pour le piano par Liszt. Comme on le voit, ce choix permettait à l'artiste de parcourir

e terrain de ses illustres émules et de bien accuser la valeur comparée de son propre talent. Eh bien ! en face de ses rivalités redoutables, dans cette lutte qui paraissait une gageure impossible à tenir et sans autre orchestre que son piano, madame Pleyel n'a pas cessé de tenir suspendu au clavier magique tout l'auditoire enchanté, ravi, et le temps a passé bien vite, quoique plusieurs morceaux aient été redemandés. Cette victoire inouïe et sans précédent à Londres, est due à un style plein d'élégance, de grâce, et d'expression ; à une exécution variée, dans laquelle la verve et l'éclat s'unissent à une finesse extrême. Les doigts fluets et nerveux de madame Pleyel ont toute l'énergie musculaire qu'il faut pour étonner, sans que jamais le charme de son jeu ne s'en affaiblisse, et dans le morceau de Hummel, aux larges développements et aux sévères harmonies, comme dans les fantaisies d'un style plus gracieux, l'artiste a prouvé que tous les procédés de force et d'élégance lui étaient également familiers. Mais il est impossible de s'élever à une plus grande hauteur de verve, de mélodie, et de netteté, que dans cette Tarentelle de Rossini, où Liszt est lui-même si prodigieux, par la rapidité de mouvement qu'il lui imprime. Excitée par le magnifique succès de lundi, madame Pleyel va renouveler, dans Hanover-Rooms, son audacieuse et brillante tentative. A ce piano transformé en orchestre, qui rit et pleure, chante et prie, comme vingt instruments réunis ; à cette virtuose expressive chaleureuse, inspirée et d'une exécution si merveilleuse, on ne se risque pas en prédisant des bravos, des ovations, des fleurs, et un piédestal tout doré.

Since this appeared the "Second Recital" has taken place, of which the following account is rendered by

The Morning Post.

Every one who attended Madame Pleyel's first recital at Willis's Rooms was present at the second, which took place yesterday afternoon, in Hanover-square, together with about as many more who were not present at the first, but were attracted to the second by the eulogies of the press, and the enthusiastic report of private *coleries*. The Hanover Square Rooms never presented a more animated *coup d'œil*—expectation and pleasure were vividly depicted on every face, and Madame Pleyel's appearance was the signal for one hearty and unanimous demonstration of welcome, which declared, in plain terms, the estimation in which she is already held in England. The programme issued by the fair pianist with the exception of the two last pieces, repeated by desire, was altogether different from its predecessor. We have said enough in our former notice to show the high opinion we entertain of the mechanical perfection which Madame Pleyel has attained, by dint of incessant and well-regulated practice—a mechanical perfection which we are disposed to think has not its equal in the present day. On this head we have little more to adduce, since it is quite evident that the habitual vanquishing of difficulties has endowed Madame Pleyel with such facility, that not a difficulty now remains for her to vanquish; she has mastered them all, and they lie bound at her feet. In her hands the music of Leopold de Meyer—which in the hands of the composer has the semblance of impossibility—appears the most natural matter-of-course affair in the world. Witness the incomparable ease, the graceful *abandon*, the *fine coquetterie*, which marked her interpretation of the "Carnaval de Venise," and entirely made one overlook the severe ordeal to which the performer is constantly put, in the matter of executive accomplishment. No pianist could ever make anything more out of this *morceau* than a cumbersome chain of monotonous surprises, until Madame Pleyel took it under her consideration, studied what could be done with it, and gave it to the world as a thing of infinite life and humour. Again—of the fantasia on *Lucie de Lammermoor*, by Emile Prudent—a work of very small intrinsic merit—what an entire new reading, what a richness and variety of colour, what a fine employment of contrast, and what admirable calculation of the elaboration of climaxes, are to be observed in Madame Pleyel's version! The composer himself, strange to say, could make nothing of it—nothing colder, nothing more indifferent than from his fingers; and yet Prudent is a fine pianist and a musician, and the same notes are played by Madame Pleyel as by him. The difference of effect produced can only, then, be accounted for by the difference in the artistic characters of the executants. Prudent is a *talent*, but Madame Pleyel is a *genius*—and genius is the gift of Heaven, while talent is the work of man. This genius, this "divine fire," of which Beethoven spoke, is visible in all the efforts of Madame Pleyel. She plays so entirely from impulse, that the most endless variety of expression is involved; and it is in this breaking up of the one colour into a thousand hues, which, in Madame Pleyel's execution, charms the ear, as in the rainbow it delights the eye. Her mechanism is so entirely at her command, that it serves to follow the slightest gradations of her impulse, which stands in the same relation to it as the charioteer to his horses. Another excellence in Madame Pleyel's style is the grace with which she invests things otherwise common—as was admirably exemplified in the fantasia of Kalkbrenner, which, saving the delicious melody of Bellini, has

no very salient points. But, then, how exquisitely was the melody sung by the pianist—how full of the warm south—how passionate and tender! Then the variations, independent of the extraordinary neatness and precision with which they were executed, were expressed with we know not what delicacy of sentiment and fineness of shading, which rendered them picturesque, and supplied them with a charm of which their author, we feel quite sure, had no notion when he composed them. But this is Madame Pleyel's privilege, and the privilege of genius—to turn dross into gold—like Goldsmith, she touches nothing without adorning it—without bestowing on it a portion of that beauty which springs from a highly sensitive and imaginative mind. The brilliant audience assembled yesterday, which not only filled the large room, but the ante-chambers, and lobbies, and orchestra and balcony of the Hanover-square edifice, were in a fit mood to appreciate the wonders and beauties of Madame Pleyel's performance. Each succeeding *morceau* was received with greater enthusiasm than its precursor, and the plaudits and bravos were incessant and tumultuous. The "Carnaval de Venise" was uproariously re-demanded, and the fair pianist repeated it with a variety of new readings and fresh fancies of expression that quite enraptured her hearers. The fantasia from the *Pirata* was a miracle of execution—of execution as unerring as it was velocitous, capricious, and brilliant. The delivery of the *thema* and the second variation drew forth bursts of applause, and the *finale* was encored by the whole room; but, following so closely upon the encore of the "Carnaval de Venise," Madame Pleyel was constrained to acknowledge the compliment by repeated salutations. The most effective points of the *Lucie* fantasia were the *thema*, which was sung with exquisite feeling, and the first variation of the *thema*, one of those peculiar dispersions of *arpeggios* for the right, skips of chords for the left hand, and a melody divided between both of them, in the midst, which no pianist knows so well how to render to perfection as Madame Pleyel. The "Marguerite" was listened to with breathless attention, and the gloom of its melancholy complaint was only dispersed by the bounding elasticity of the Tarentella with which the concert terminated, everybody in the room remaining until the last note had ceased vibrating. The triumph of the first recital was thus substantially confirmed, and from this time Madame Pleyel, in the estimation of an English public, must hold the most exalted position among modern pianists, as the favoured exponent of intellect, poesy, and passion, through the medium of musical sounds. We have merely time to allude to the vocal part of the programme. Pischek was encored in his first song—a very pretty composition of Herr Hoelzel, and not of Esser, as stated in the bills. Mdlle. Vera evinced expression and vocal facility in both her songs; she must conquer a timidity too apparent, and great things may be expected of her. The great feature of the vocal music, however, was the *Adelaide*, in which the singing of Pischek was supported by the delicious accompaniment of Madame Pleyel.

The next article is from the sensible and intelligent critic of

The Morning Herald.

The brilliant success achieved by Madame Pleyel at her first recital in Willis's Rooms, the occasion of her *début* before an English public, may account for the vast auditory assembled yesterday afternoon, when the gifted pianist gave her second series of compositions, selected from the most famous modern masters of the pianoforte. The object of Madame Pleyel in her recitals is seemingly to demonstrate the progress of *pianism*, as exemplified in the works of the greatest exhibitory masters, and has obviously but little to do with music as an abstract science. The capabilities of this lady to execute to perfection music of a totally different character—music independent of the stunted limits of the pianoforte or of any other individual instrument,—the music, in short, of the greatest poets of sound,—has been too strongly and authoritatively vouched for to admit of doubt; and we hope that before her departure from England a London public will have the opportunity of verifying the criticism by experience. The incongruous mingling of music which is independent of peculiarities, and music expressly written to display peculiarities, has, therefore, been wisely avoided. Madame Pleyel is, probably, the only pianist, with the exception of Liszt, whose perfect art and ready pliability to all the forms of expression lend themselves with equal ease to the exposition of works of the most opposite styles. In the modern romantic school, as it has been called, there are not four writers to be named who differ more essentially in their modes of thought and their method of development than Döhler, Leopold de Meyer, Kalkbrenner, and Emile Prudent. From the repertory of these artists Madame Pleyel chose pieces the most abstruse and difficult; and the ease with which she rendered them all was a matter no less of wonder than delight to every listening person. Let us, however, add a rapid word or two of illustrative comment. In the *andante* from *Don Sebastian*—a graceful picture of sentiment and feeling—the *legato* passages in the bass, and the canto in the treble, were contrasted with admirable

skill by Madame Pleyel. The *Étude* of Döhler served on the other hand to develop her complete command of the shake, exemplified in all its forms, and with every variety of accompaniment. De Meyer's *Carnaval de Venise*, although outrageously difficult, presented little but a frame work to be filled up by the pianist at will; and Madame Pleyel's inexhaustible fancy was demonstrated with the happiest effect. The *esprit* which was infused into these variations gave a new life to the quaint old melody, which has been subject to so many transformations in the service of the violinists. This was loudly encored. The *Pirata* fantasia was a masterly specimen of brilliant execution, modified and coloured by the most exquisite caprices of sentiment. The delicate coquetting between the excesses and diminutions of accent gave a charm to the second variation, for which a ravishing dexterity of the manipulation might chiefly be praised; and the finale—how fine a climax—how grand, sweeping, and effective! The fantasia by Prudent was another triumph over wide-spreading and embarrassing combinations, accomplished with amazing clearness and finish. Of the *Marguarite* and the *Tarentelle* so much has been said that we are at a stand-still for some new epithet to glorify appropriately the intense feeling of the one and the mercurial vivacity of the other. Let it be sufficient to again observe that in Madame Pleyel's hands both were *chefs d'œuvre* of poetical conception and unflinching mechanism. The vocal music with which the programme was interspersed excited considerable interest, especially the *Adelaide*, which was sung with Fischek's well-known taste and passionate expression; and accompanied by Madame Pleyel—how well and judiciously may easily be guessed. Mdlle. Vera's execution of the matters allotted to her may also be mentioned with commendation.

The following enthusiastic account is from the pages of the

Morning Chronicle.

This gifted pianiste may adopt for her motto the "*Veni, vidi, vici*" of the great conqueror. It is, perhaps, the first time in our musical annals that such unanimity has prevailed respecting the talents of a celebrated artist. She has been able to beat down all musty bigotry and professional prejudices. Here and there there is indeed a "perruque" of the old *régime*, who solemnly declares that she ought to play the "classics," but these lovers of the abstract, we observed, were not the least ardent in their applause of the idol of the modern romantic school. The truth is that the playing of Madame Pleyel is quite overwhelming; her style is exciting beyond precedent—she will not be denied; those who are not electrified by an unexampled perfection of mechanism are moved to the heart's core by her delicious tone. She appeals to the sensibilities as well as astonishes the ear. Dexterity with her is merely an agency for increased refinement and elegance. There is no pulsing sentimentality and exaggeration of phrasing, but vigorous, healthy, and impassioned feeling. She has the courage of a lion, but her mastery and power are not misused, and if she makes the instrument launch forth its thunders in a *fortissimo*, she can also make it warble like the nightingale, or like Niobe cause it to weep. We do not fear to exaggerate. Imagine the Hanover-square-rooms, yesterday afternoon, thronged with upwards of 700 enthusiastic auditors, amongst whom were some of the most distinguished professors, native and foreign, as well as our most intellectual amateurs, and following Madame Pleyel's "recitals" with a *furor* that was worthy of the most fanatic Italian audience. During her morning's labour—all the pieces were played from memory, save that of Prudent, and the accompaniment to Fischek. The *Andante* of Döhler, and the *Marguerite* of Schubert, were the finest specimens of her intellectual power, the latter more especially, which elicited as great transports as at her first recital, although the majority of the audience had the good taste to oppose the cruel demand for a repetition. Her galvanic battery was set at work in the *Carnival*, in which she was most unreasonably encored; but Leopold de Meyer's heart would have been broken had he heard his *tours de force* executed with the most marvellous ease, as if she were one of the lightest-hearted at a venetian fête. The impulse of her fancy was irresistible; and one was quite insensible for a moment that she was thus sporting with such fascination over the most enormous intricacies of execution. What Rubini would have thought of the passion with which she poured forth the melodies of "*Fra poco*" and "*Tu vedrai*" we know not, but that great tenor never thrilled an auditory more potently than did Pleyel. Whilst the themes were so exquisitely kept up she was revelling in astounding bravura passages. Her octaves and arpeggios in Prudent's fantasia—which is quite the Thalberg school—were wonderfully mastered; but it is not on her finish and precision that we lay so much stress, as her poetical rendering of every school which she undertakes to illustrate. She did not appear to be the least fatigued at the close of her displays. The programme was agreeably relieved by Fischek's noble style of singing. Vera's taste, method, and feeling are unquestionable. Madame Pleyel will perform at the last Philharmonic Concert, Weber's Concert-stuck, in which she created such a sensation at the Bonn Beethoven Festival.

The following is extracted from a notice which appeared in the

Daily News.

This celebrated lady gave the second of her performances on the pianoforte (which in imitation of Liszt, she calls "recitals") yesterday morning in the Hanover-square Rooms. A crowded audience was assembled to hear her,

and her reception was such as was due to her rare and distinguished talents. Her selection of music was similar to that which she made on her first appearance before an English audience. It consisted of fantasias and variations by Döhler, Kalkbrenner, De Meyer, Prudent, and Liszt. That Madame Pleyel is not only a pianist of the greatest powers, but that her genius is of the highest order, we are as much convinced as any of her most enthusiastic admirers can be. We know, from many sources of information, that she is thoroughly conversant with, and has a kindred feeling for, all that is great and beautiful in her art; and when, at the Beethoven festival at Bonn, last year, we listened to her magnificent performance of one of the great concertos of "The Mighty Master," we found that the voice of fame had only done justice to her merits. Of Madame Pleyel's qualities as a performer, we have little to add to what we said on the previous occasion. She has the rapidity of lightning, with every variety of tone, from the thunders of a whole orchestra to the gentlest breathing of a flute. Even when exerting her full strength, she never produces noise; her loudest sound is pure and musical; in which respect she has a great advantage over some of the very composers whose music she plays; and, when she meets with a cantabile passage, nothing can be more graceful and vocal than her manner of expressing it.

Mr. Bochsa and Mrs. Bishop

We take the following from a Brussels paper, called the "Continental Despatch and Brussels Gazette." It will be read with interest, as it relates to two artists well known to the English public.—

The arrival of these distinguished artistes in Brussels, en route for London, affords us an apt occasion for presenting our English readers with some slight record of their talented country-woman's long and brilliant career. Mrs. Bishop, is a native of London, and after six years' absence from her native city, is now at length on her way to astonish the Londoners with the improvement an Italian training has wrought in the voice and execution of their long absent favourite. She is a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, having been originally educated as a pianist; but her splendid *soprano* voice attracting the attention of some of the directors of that institution, her destination was changed, and in 1838 she sang at the Ancient Concerts, the Philharmonic, and the Musical festivals of York, Gloucester, &c., with the most promising success. But it was not until her appearance at a dramatic concert given by Bochsa at the Opera House, when she sang in costume some pieces of Italian music, that the really great qualities of her voice became fully appreciated. Though heard in conjunction with Grisi, Persiani, Pauline Garcia, and the other constellations of the Opera hemisphere, she suffered nothing by the comparison, and her début in dramatic music elicited the warmest eulogiums from the press of the day, who unanimously encouraged her to pursue the new path she had chosen, by predictions of a brilliant future. She therefore set off on a musical tour through Europe under the guidance of her instructor, Bochsa, the celebrated harpist; and here her success has equalled the anticipations of her most sanguine friends. After visiting Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Tartary, Moldavia, Austria, Hungary, and Bavaria, in all of which countries she seems to have been *feted* by the various sovereigns and their courtiers, and almost idolised by the audiences, the travellers turned their faces southward to that Mecca of musical pilgrims—Naples. Here, at San Carlo, the crowning triumph was achieved, for contrary to the usual custom of changing the *prima-donna* each season, Anna Bishop maintained that proud pre-eminence for 27 months—indeed, until the closing of the theatre for repairs. During this period she sang 327 times in 20 different operas, some of which were written expressly to display her peculiar talents. At the close of her engagement the Neapolitans seem to have gone Bishop mad; and when she finally quitted Naples the enthusiasm reached its height; the air was filled with shouts of *viva la Bishop*, and the whole city turned out to bid her farewell! Her subsequent career was one continued triumph. The fame of the *première Contraltine* preceded her to the other towns of Italy, where similar *furor* was created by her exquisite performance; and even the stolid Swiss appear to have been infected by the general enthusiasm, for at Zurich, Bâle, Geneva, Berne, Neuchâtel, &c., her concerts excited the same extraordinary sensation. It was not likely that the active *entrepreneurs* of the Brussels Theatre would miss the opportunity of arresting this bird of wondrous song on its flight to England, and accordingly we are gratified to learn, that notwithstanding the advanced period of the season, arrangements have been made for a concert on Tuesday evening next, when we shall prepare ourselves for a treat, such as our longing ears seldom experience. Mr. Bochsa will lend his aid in giving eclat to this brilliant *fête de musique*; a programme of the performances, will be found in another part of our paper.

The programme above alluded to we subjoin; we extract it from the same source.

PART I.

Overture.
Cavatina, "Ah quando in regio talamo," from the Opera of *Ugo*, by Madame Bishop,
Mosaïque Musicale, a Grand Fantasia for the Harp, composed and executed by
Recitative, "Care compagne," and Cavatina, "Come per me Sereno," from *The Sonnambula*, by Madame Bishop,

Donizetti.

Bochsa.

Bellini.

PART II.

Concerto for the Harp and Orchestra, composed and executed by
Cavatina, "Oh come rapida," from *Il Crociato*, by Madame Bishop,
Improvisation for the Harp, on subjects suggested by the audience,
French Chansonnette, "Je suis la Bayadere," sung by Madame Bishop, and accompanied on the Harp by Signor Bochsa,

Bochsa.

Meyerbeer.

Bochsa.

Bochsa.

This is the first time we have heard of the intended visit to England of these well-known artists.

The Defective State of the Choruses and Bands in this Country.

(From the Contrapuntal Musical Review.)

THERE are four principal causes why choral and orchestral music is not properly performed in this country. 1st: Because each performer considers himself or herself most useful and effective when best heard, so that each plays or sings as if executing a *solo*. 2d: The performers arrogate to themselves equal knowledge with the conductor, and therefore are above being directed by him. 3d: The conductors of many societies are insufficiently educated to teach the true character of classical works, which partly accounts for the want of proper respect being shewn to them by the performers. 4th: The performers being too frequently only practical artists, are neither able to interpret classical works nor willing to be taught them. By way of illustration, we will first take the Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall. How are Handel's Oratorios performed there? Does not each chorus singer absolutely shout out to the utmost of his or her power, and, in a very uncomfortable manner, end each melodic phrase with an extra force? Does not each stringed instrument bow almost every note? Are Handel's ideas too coarse and feeble to be played smoothly and expressively? Why should each note of his music be scratched on a fiddle any more than Mozart's, &c? Should delicate, refined, and legato playing be denied to Handel any more than to Beethoven? It is an offence to the genius of Handel to, as it were, *rub out* his ideas on the strings of a fiddle; in the most remote village in England, the peasants only could be expected to perform classical and severe music in this barbarous *Jim Crow* style. We will pass over other defects of this Society, which, however, has been established long enough to have corrected the faults we have named, and say a word on the Philharmonic Society. Signor Costa's late command over the Italian Opera band was considerable: there he was always respected and implicitly attended to, and we trust his influence will be as great over the Philharmonic band, otherwise a great injustice will be done him. As he has now to teach classical music, his talents as a conductor are put to a severer test. We are aware that in his present post he has to contend with many rebellious subjects who fancy they are as competent to teach the conductor as he is to instruct them. This was the case

(shame be it said) when Dr. Mendelssohn conducted this Society's band; but if each performer were as competent to the task as the conductor himself, even then the conductor, whoever he may be, is the only one who could properly guide the orchestra. The most skilful artist frequently make the greatest faults when playing with others: he often fancies that the true expression of the composition is rendered either by exercising undue energy or by over-sentimentally slurring from note to note. If, however, every skilful artist be left to decide on his own dissimilar views and methods of treating melodic phraseology, it cannot be otherwise than that the mixture of so many styles must materially impair the character of the composition. No band will ever be good unless the members of it be *entirely* under the control of the conductor. He who considers himself humbled by being dictated to, will always be too vain and thoughtless to learn. The Philharmonic Society have now an excellent conductor, and Signor Costa would but do himself justice by dismissing any member of his band whose presumption gives him any annoyance. The best players are not always the most effective in a band: second-rate performers, under the entire subjection of the conductor, will execute a classical work with better taste and feeling than the first-rate performers who are too proud to be led. The error of the Philharmonic band is, that every performer plays too independently of every other: each man performs too much in the *solo fashion*: thus, then, the instruments will not blend well together; but, on the contrary, one or more of the band *will* be heard above the rest, in order, no doubt, to shew off their execution rather than the beauty of the composition. It is thus that the choruses and bands in this country are defective.—G. F. FLOWERS.—*Literary Gazette*.

Words for Music.*

BY J. R. LING.

Oh! I remember well
Those hours of pure delight;
Thro' many a year
Of pain and fear—
And too much care to tell,
Like stars in darkest night—
They've shone with keener light—
Distinct and clear!
And to my latest day
Their memory shall last—
Whate'er my lot,
The one bright spot
Which knoweth not decay;
The gem which still can cast—
Bright beams—tho' day be past,
And fadeeth not!

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Provincial.

BILSTON.—St. Mary's church, after being closed for a period of about three months, for the purpose of improvement and being painted, as well as for the erection of an Organ, by Pilcher, of London, was re-opened on Sunday last for divine service. Mr. G. E. Hay, of Wolverhampton, presided at the organ with his usual ability. The sermon in the morning was preached by the Rev. W. Dalton, M.A., of St. Paul's, Wolverhampton; that in the afternoon by the Rev. J. B. Pugh, M.A., head master of the Grammar School, Walsall; and that in the evening by the Rev. J. B. Owen, M.A., the incumbent of the church. The opening of the church and organ attracted exceedingly large and respectable congregations; and as a proof of their approbation of what had been done, the sum of £98 2s. 6d. was collected, besides a further sum of £15 11s.,

which was handed in at the close of the services, as donations, making in the whole £113 13s. 6d.—*Stafford Advertiser*, 23rd May.

BRISTOL.—Mr. Henry Phillips gave an entertainment at the Victoria Rooms on Saturday evening, which, we were sorry to observe, was by no means well attended; and we think we are correct in attributing the paucity of hearers to a want of due publicity being given to the concert. It may be set down as an axiom in such cases, that every five shillings saved in advertising is five pounds lost in receipts, if the performance is worth announcing at all. Mr. Phillips was in excellent voice, and sang with the fine taste for which he has always been conspicuous. His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, and the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, honoured Mr. Phillips with their presence. On Wednesday, at the same rooms, Mr. Wilson gave a morning and evening performance to numerous audiences. The songs, all Scottish, were delivered with admirable taste, and none more effectively than Burns' ballad, "Of a' the airts that wind can blaw." Mr. Land accompanied with his well known ability.—*Felix Failey's Bristol Journal*, May 23rd.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The second Concert of the series given by the Amateur Musical Society, took place on Thursday evening, the 14th inst., and, as usual, was attended by a large and fashionable audience, amongst whom we noticed Lord and Lady Wrottesley, and family, &c. The first piece announced in the performance, was a *sinfonia* by Krommer, which was performed by the band in a very creditable manner. This was followed by a duet from Benedict's opera, "The Crusaders," by the Misses Pyne. The cavatina, "Love, at once I break thy fetters," was sung by Miss L. Pyne. The quartette and chorus "Now the Curfew bell," brought the first part to a conclusion, and was re-demanded. The accompaniments for the orchestra, arranged by Mr. George Hay, contributed much to the success of the piece. The music in "Macbeth" occupied the second part, and was beautifully performed, the solos by the Misses Pyne and Mr. Sherwin. The choruses went with precision. The third part opened with Weber's overture to "Oberon," admirably given by the orchestra, led by Mr. Henry Hayward. The Misses Pyne then sang the duet "The Brigand," which obtained encore. "Charlie is my Darling," succeeded, interpreted by Miss L. Pyne. A piano and violin duet reflected much credit on the performers, Mr. George Hay, and, we believe, an amateur. Miss Pyne's songs, "The Lamp of the Night," with a violoncello obligato, and "Say what shall be my song to Night," were deservedly applauded. Mr. Sherwin's song, "The Sea," and the balletto, "Maidens fair of Mantua's City," terminated this very agreeable concert, which will add to the celebrity this Society has already obtained.—*Staffordshire Advertiser*.

The arrangements for the concert in aid of the Relief Fund of the Festival Choral Society are now complete. The programme contains some excellent music; and if report estimates the vocal powers of the new tenor, Mr. Oldershaw, aright, a treat may be expected. Amongst the music selected for the display of Mrs. Sunderland's capabilities are Handel's song, "Pious orgies," Haydn's air, "With verdure clad," Rodwell's ballad, "Why are mine eyes," and Balfe's song from the *Enchantress* "Woman's heart." These, we have no doubt, she will interpret well. The range and the character of the music selected by Mr. Oldershaw are rather diversified, embracing, as they do, selections from Haydn, Beethoven, Sophr, Wallace, and Burns's telling song, "A man's a man for a' that." Mr. Gough, Mr. Mackam, and Mr. Allwood, have each a portion of the business of the evening allotted to them. The concert takes place on Thursday next.

THE CHORAL SOCIETY'S second concert of the present series, took place in Dee's Hotel on Monday night, and though as a whole it was inferior to many preceding ones, still there were manifest signs of improvement amongst the members, and much that was highly commendable. The vocalists were Mrs. Howse, Miss Cracknell, Mr. Stanier, Mrs. Phillips, and the Messrs. Probin. Mr. Simms conducted. The audience seemed greatly pleased with the entertainment.—*Manchester Times*.

BATH.—The concert of Mr. Henry Field and his sister, Mrs. B. Penley, on Saturday morning, was numerously attended. In the first act, Mr. H. Field played "Morceau de Concert," Dreychock, and "Andante de Don Sebastian," Döhler; in the second, "Chant du Berceau," Henselt, and "Marche d'Isly," Meyer; compositions which, for brilliancy and rapidity of execution, we presume, could not be surpassed; indeed, this eminent pianist has acquired such an established and well-merited fame, that it is sufficient to say that on this occasion he played with his accustomed excellence. His success was acknowledged by the enthusiastic applause which succeeded each performance. We have much pleasure in congratulating Mrs. Penley on the gratification evinced by the company at the admirable manner in which she sang John Barnett's charming ballad, "Fare Thee Well." When Mr. J. Parry made his appearance in the orchestra applause and laughter burst from the company, a well-deserved acknowledgment of his talent. Mr.

and Mrs. Millar, and Bianchi Taylor, each and all executed some beautiful music with their usual skill. In a word, the Concert gave great gratification to every one.—*Bath Gazette*, May 27th.

RICHMOND.—On Tuesday, June 2nd, a concert took place in the Music Hall, at which Mr. J. Collin's family, (including Miss Rosini Collins, the violinist) performed. The programme consisted of selections from the works of Corelli, Mayseder, Bellini, Benedict, Verdi, J. Collins, &c. &c. Mayseder's violin solo, introducing "The light of other days," was played by Miss Rosini Collins with great taste and brilliant execution. Misses Victoria and Emma Collins also sang with excellent effect. Between the parts Mr. Henderson, the well known lecturer, delivered a clever address on the influence of music. The concert was not well attended.

Miscellaneous.

MADAME PLEYEL.—(*From Ella's Record.*)—Within the last five months, we have heard the five most remarkable female pianists in Europe,—in Vienna, Dresden, Paris, and London. The rhapsodic language of everyday criticism, so indiscriminately lavished upon singers and players of mediocrity, and the consequent disappointments occasioned by such unblushing exaggeration, have lately tended to make intelligent amateurs sceptical of the truth of what he reads in our public journals. As for ourselves, we can only trust our ears, so often have we been entrapped by deceitful criticism; but when so learned and so highly esteemed a critic as the author of the *Universal Biography of Musicians*, M. Fétis,—our respected master in counterpoint, and the Director of the Brussels Conservatoire,—deliberately puts pen to paper, and writes us word that the talent of Madame Pleyel places her on a level with Thalberg and Liszt, our expectations are at once raised to the highest pitch, nor have they failed in being realized. Such is the charm of genius united with the fascinations of art-enthusiasm and spirituality in a lady-pianiste, that he must be a stoic of unimpressible nature that could witness the performance of Madame Pleyel without admiration for her extraordinary talent. To all the mental gifts of a perfect artiste, she unites the speciality of almost every other living pianist, and something more—a touch that makes the instrument weep in the delivery of an expressive theme. We assembled, on Wednesday last, a small circle of the most accomplished lady amateur pianists belonging to the Musical Union, to hear Madame Pleyel perform music of opposite styles, by Döhler, Kalkbrenner, and Beethoven; and the impression produced on the minds of her enraptured hearers was such as to justify the encomiums of her most ardent admirers.

MISS MARIA B. HAWES' CONCERT.—One of the most brilliant audiences of the Season, assembled at Hanover-Square, on Tuesday evening, at the benefit of this talented vocalist. The programme included a large selection from the music of the Glee composers, and others who wrote at the end and at the beginning of the present century. We reached the rooms in time for a pianoforte Fantasia by Mrs. Anderson, whose playing must always be listened to with interest and pleasure—Webbe's glee "Discord dire Sister," sung by Miss Hawes, Messrs. Hobbs, Lockey, and H. Phillips, was delivered to perfection, and encored. Never before could these glee writers have had such ample justice done to their compositions as they obtain now—Ernst's pathetic "L'Elegie," arranged for the violoncello, was charmingly executed by Herr Kellermann. Miss E. Birch followed with an aria of Bellini, which she sang cleverly. Herr Pischek was successful as usual in "Adelaide," and in a very pleasing song by Hoelzel. gave equal pleasure. Miss Hawes' execution of Arne's ballad, "Water parted from the Sea," left nothing to be wished.

Mr. John Parry, as usual, kept the risible muscles of the audience upon the full stretch, and Master Day, who followed with De Beriot's 'Tremolo' produced a highly favourable sensation. Miss Hawes's graceful ballad, "I'm the Genius of the Spring," was deliciously interpreted by herself, and loudly applauded. After the Distins' Fantasia on the Saxe horns, we left. The room, royal boxes included, was quite full, and the concert appeared to give general satisfaction.

MR. GANTT'S LECTURES.—(From a correspondent.)—These lectures improve as they proceed. The third which took place on Thursday evening last night, was highly interesting. A selection from Seb. Bach's choral music, and a *Te Deum* of Graun had the recommendation of novelty to most of the audience. Both are fine compositions, although from their great length, somewhat monotonous to a modern ear. In the former, the choir was unsteady, but the *Te Deum* went admirably. Graun's Oratorio, the *Death of Jesus*, Mr. Gantter denominated the German *Messiah*. A movement from the *Passione* of Haydn, was another treat to the uninitiated. The remainder of the illustrations consisted chiefly of a selection from the masses of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The room was quite full. We are glad to see the interest that these lectures excite, and particularly recommend them to the attention of the choral societies, as a means of extending the hitherto limited range of their operations. The fourth and last lecture is, we understand, to take place at the Music Hall, Store Street.

OLLIVIER'S QUADRILLE BAND.—The Sixth and last rehearsal for the present season, of Olliviers' Quadrille Band, took place before a full attendance of the *fair sex*, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday morning last. The repertoire of the band included the most favourite productions of Tolbecque Musard, Bosio, Coote, Tinney, Strauss, Labitsky, &c., the whole under the conductorship of Mr. F. G. Tinney. From the high respectability of Mr. Olliviers' connexions, it will not be difficult for him at this season of the year, to find opportunities of profiting by his speculation.

MISS BIRCH'S CONCERT.—The Hanover-square Rooms were again crowded to excess on Thursday night, at the concert of this popular and deserving vocalist, who provided her friends with an excellent and well varied programme. Miss Birch sang three solos—the air, "Regnava nel silenzio," from Donizetti's *Lucia*; Handel's song, "Sweet bird," with Mr. Blagrove's violin *obbligato*, and a very pleasing cavatina by Mr. Frank Romer, "The Gift of Flowers." She also sung duets by Nicolai and Verdi, with Pischek and Marras respectively, and one by Rosini, with her sister, Miss Eliza Birch. The applause which Miss Birch received in all her efforts was as warm as it was well deserved—an appropriate tribute to her public and private worth. Miss E. Birch displayed very marked improvement in an air from *Beatrice di Tenda*, which she vocalised with great taste and decided success. The programme was otherwise supported by the eminent talents of Madame Thillon, Miss Hawes, Miss Dolby, Herr Pischek, Signor Marras, Mr. Harrison, Mr. John Parry, Mr. F. Chatterton, Mr. Benedict, and Madame Dulcken. The last two celebrated artists performing with great success the brilliant *Norma* duet of Thalberg, for two pianos. The conductors were M. Benedict and Signor Negri. The concert, in spite of its length, gave universal satisfaction.

MISS STEVENSON'S *Matinée* took place at the Beethoven Quartet Rooms, in Harley-street, on Thursday. This young lady is a pupil of M. Moscheles, and made her first appearance in public on the present occasion. She played the

"Anticipations of Scotland," and "Hommage a Handel," of her master, and the grand sonata in C of Beethoven, and in all these proved herself worthy the excellent instruction she has received, and the arduous task she undertook. She was supported in Moscheles' duet by the composer, who had every reason to be gratified by the manner in which the performance seemed to be appreciated by the audience. Judging from this *debut*, we premise that Miss Stevenson only requires to be much heard to be much liked. The vocalists were, Mdle. Schloss, Mdle. Goldberg, Miss Dolby, and Madame G. A. Macfarren; Herr Goldberg, Herr Knispel, and Mr. John Parry. The room was crowded.

BARDIC HONOURS.—Mr. Parry, who has received several testimonials for conducting the Bardic Festivals in various places in Wales, was presented on Thursday last, by the Governors of the Welsh School, with an elegant piece of plate, for gratuitous services rendered to that charitable institution, for a period of *forty-three years*. The expense of the testimonial was defrayed by a private subscription, to which the Earl of Powis, president, Colonel Wood, M.P., treasurer, &c., &c., &c., contributed. The anniversary festivals on St. David's Day, have been under the direction of Mr. Parry for a great many years; and both he and his son (the inimitable John!) always gave their professional services for "the honour of Wales," and in aid of the funds of the national establishment, which has existed for one hundred and thirty-two years.—(From a Correspondent.)

DONIZETTI.—The *France Musicale* contradicts some reports in circulation respecting this composer. He is now in a private asylum near Paris, and he rarely speaks. Nobody is allowed to see him except his nephew, who arrived lately from Constantinople, and another relation.

HERR WILLIAM KUHE'S *matinée*, given in Harley-street last Monday, was well attended, and we have pleasure in stating that Herr Kuhe played on the pianoforte in a manner which was highly creditable to the modern school of execution. His own composition, founded on the well known airs in which Pischek so much excels, is likely to be a *bonus* to the shop, for it is very pleasing and brilliant. Amongst others who assisted on this occasion, was Herr Hoelzel, who is a good singer, and will yet become a favourite in London. He is a clever man and his own songs are well worthy of mention, because they are really excellent. We will mention, also, that Madlle. de Rupplin sang with much feeling.—G. F. F.

THE MUSICAL UNION.—At the meeting on Tuesday afternoon, Onslow's Quintet in A minor, a new trio in G major, by Mr. Osborne, and Mozart's Quintet in G minor, were performed. The executants were Sivi, Deloffre, Hill, Nadaud, Kellermann, and Howell. The trio of Mr. Osborne is a work of distinguished merit; it bears every evidence of the accomplished musician, while it is replete with fancy and originality. The first *Allegro* attracts, by its vigorous freshness, and effective dispersion of parts for the instruments. The *Scherzo*, in the same key, is playful and frank; the slow movement in E major is very melodious and graceful; and the *finale* full of ingenuity, spirit, and invention. Altogether the trio confers the highest honour upon its composer, and will add to his already brilliant reputation. Mr. Osborne himself took the pianoforte part, which he executed with the utmost precision and energy, and elicited the loudest marks of approval. The violin part was magnificently sustained by Sivi, and Kellermann did full justice to the violoncello. With a word of admiration for Sivi's beautiful and impassioned reading of Mozart's divine Quintet, we must conclude this short notice.

VIEUXTEMPS.—This celebrated violinist is at present on a short tour in the northern provinces, but will return in time to perform at the seventh Philharmonic Concert.

MADAME PLEYEL leaves for Manchester on Monday, being engaged for the Gentlemen's Concert on Tuesday evening—Pischek is also engaged.

MR. HENRY WYLDE will give a *soirée musicale* on the 12th, at the residence of J. Fox, Esq., Westbourne-terrace. Among the artists engaged are Pischek, Bodda, Mdle. Schloss, Miss Bassano, Hausmann, Sainton, and Jules de Glimes. A new pianoforte sonata, two German songs, and a Rhapsody, composed by Mr. Wyldé, will be performed.

The Sixth Philharmonic, John Parry, and the Beethoven Quartet Society, next time.

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MR. CIPRIANI POTTER'S MORNING CONCERT,

ON MONDAY, THE 8TH OF JUNE, 1846.

AT THE HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS,

To commence at Two o'clock.

PROGRAMME.—PART I.—Symphony, (first time of performance) Potter; Duetto, (Stabat Mater,) Miss A. Williams and Miss M. Williams; Scena, "Si lo sento," Miss Birch—Spohr; Concerto in G, Pianoforte—Beethoven; Duetto, "Se tu m'ami," Madame Caradori Allan and Miss Birch.

PART II.—Symphony, in C, No. 1—Mozart; Aria, "Deh! per questo," Made. Caradori Allan—Mozart; Aria, "Fra poco," Signor Mario—Donizetti; Duetto, two grand Pianofortes, Mr. Cipriani Potter and Mr. W. H. Holmes—Potter; Terzetto, "Ti prego o madre più," Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, and Signor Marras—Curschman; Overture, (Ruler of the Spirits)—Weber.

Conductor, Mr. Lucas; Principal Violin, Mr. Blagrove.—The Orchestra will be on a grand scale.

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INSTRUMENTALISTS.—Violins—Signor Camillo Sivori, M. Sainton, Mr. Willy, and Master Day.—Pianoforte—Miss Day, and Mr. W. V. Wallace.—Violoncello—Herr Kellermann, (Violoncelist to His Majesty the King of Denmark).—Oboe—Mr. Barrett.—Bassoon—M. Baumann.—Sax-Horns—The Messrs. Distin.

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Miss Rainforth, Madame Mortier de Fontaine, (from the Paris Conservatoire Concerts, her first appearance in this country.) Made. Knispel, (from the Leipzig Conservatorium Concerts.) Mrs. A. Nervo, Miss Sara Flower, Miss Cubitt, and Miss P. Horton; Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. (by permission of Alfred Bunn, Esq.) Mr. W. H. Seguin, Mr. F. Bodda, Mr. Clement White, and Herr Pischek; Mr. John Parry will sing one of his unrivalled Buffo Scenes; Mr. Distin and his Four Sons, (the Original Performers on the "Sax-Horns," will perform some of their favorite Airs; Pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper; Horn, Mr. Jarrett; Violoncello, Herr Louis Dreschler.

Conductors, Mr. Howard Glover and Mr. Vincent Wallace.

Between the Parts, Mrs. Glover will, by permission of Benjamin Webster, Esq., recite Gray's "ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD."

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